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Montreal, January 24, 1901.

McGILL OUTLOOK.

VOL. III. No. 10.

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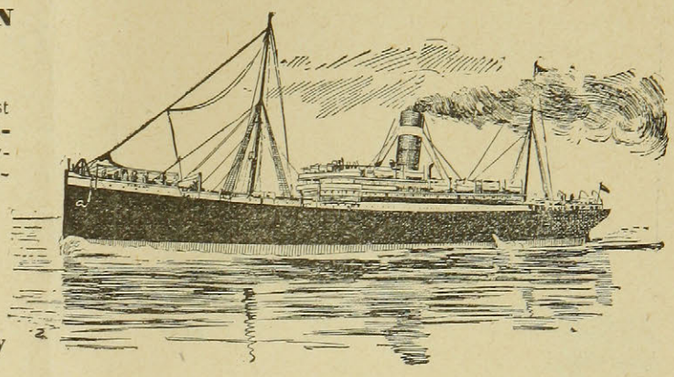

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Editorial.

We ought to make an explanation with regard to the delay in the appearance of the OUTLOOK last week, but, as our editorial sanctum has been invaded by the ever popular "grip," the operations thereof have been demoralized, and hence further explanation is unnecessary.

The Faculty of Arts united with the Donaldas this year and held a joint dance in the Royal Victoria College. The affair came off last Friday (18th), and was in every way a success. The Faculty of Applied Science had planned to hold theirs on February 8, but the serious condition of the Queen's health may put a stop to any further festivities for the winter. The end may perhaps have come before this goes to press.

We notice an item in one of the local papers concerning the erection of a new gymnasium. It stated that plans were being prepared by a well-known architect, and in addition that sixty-five thousand dollars had been donated for the purpose by some unknown benefactor. Careful enquiries regarding the above seem to indicate that this is an unfounded rumor, and consequently our hopes are shattered. We had suspicions that the announcement was too good to be true, but do not feel any the more pleased to have them confirmed.

The Inter-Collegiate Debate will be held on February 1, in Molson hall, and it is not too early to direct attention to it. McGill has a glorious record to maintain, and it behooves us to do all in our power to encourage our representatives in their coming struggle. Let every man—and woman—make it a point to be present to cheer them on, and by their presence show that they take a personal interest in the result. We have the utmost confidence in the ability of the men who have been chosen to uphold the standard of McGill, but they need support and look to us for it. May they not be disappointed.

Contributions.

THE FOLK-LORE OF SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

Pucelle, in the following passage from the 1st part of *Henry VI.*, alludes to this property of the darnel—meaning to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen, otherwise they would have seen through her disguise and defeated her stratagem.—

> "Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
> I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
> Before he'll try again at such a rate;
> 'Twas full of darnel,—do you like the taste?"

The "date" was once a common ingredient in all kinds of pastry, and some other dishes, and often supplied a pun for comedy, as, for example in "*All's Well That Ends Well*,"—where Parolles says, "Your date is better in you pie and your porridge, than in your cheek," and in "*Troilus and Cressida*" we find a similar play upon the word.

The wood of the "Ebony" tree was regarded as the typical emblem of darkness,—the tree itself, however, was unknown in England in Shakespeare's time. It is mentioned in "*Love's Labour's Lost.*"

> "By heaven, thy love is dark as ebony.
> Is ebony like her? O, wood divine!
> A wife of such wood were felicity."

In the same play we read of the "ebon-colored ink," and in "*Venus and Adonis*" of "death's ebon dart."

The "elder" has from time immemorial possessed an evil reputation, and been regarded as of bad omen. According to a popular tradition, Judas was hanged on an elder, a superstition mentioned in '*Love's Labour's Lost*," and also by Ben Jonson in "*Every Man Out of His Humour.*" So firmly rooted was this belief in days gone by that Sir John Mandeville tells us in his "Travels," which he wrote in 1364, that he was actually shown the identical tree at Jerusalem. This tradition, no doubt, in a great measure helped to give it its bad fame. Shakespeare makes it an emblem of grief. In "*Cymbeline*," Arviragus says:—

> "Grow, patience,
> "And let the stinking elder, grief, entwine
> His perishing root with the increasing vine."

The "dwarf elder" is said only to grow where blood has been shed either in battle or in murder. The Welsh call it the "plant of the blood of man." Shakespeare, perhaps, had this piece of folk-lore in his mind when he represents Bassianus, in "*Titus Andronicus*" as killed at a pit beneath an elder tree.

According to a curious notion, fern-seed was supposed to possess the power of rendering persons invisible. Hence it was a most important object of superstition, being gathered mystically, especially on Midsummer Eve. It was believed at one time to have neither flower nor seed, the seed, which lay on the back of the leaf, being so small as to escape the detection of the observer.

On this account, probably, our ancestors derived the notion that those who could obtain and wear the invisible seed would be themselves invisible—a belief which is referred to in "*Henry IV.*"

> "We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible."
> "Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for you're walking invisible.

This superstition is mentioned by old writers; a proof of its popularity in times past. It is attended to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Fair Maid of the Inn*,"

> "Did you think that you had Gyges' ring?
> Or the herb that gives invisibility."

Again in Ben Jonson's "*New Inn*,"

> "I had
> No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
> No fern-seed in my pocket."

As recently as Addison's day, we are told in the "*Tatler*" that "it was impossible to walk the "streets without having an advertisement thrust "into your hand of a doctor who had arrived at the "knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had "discovered the female fern-seed."

Formerly the term "fig" served as a common expression of contempt, and was used to denote a thing of the least importance. Hence the popular phrase "not to care a fig for one,"—a sense in which it is used by Shakespeare, who makes Pistol say in "*Merry Wives of Windsor*,"—"A fico for the phrase," and in "*Henry V*,"—'A fico for thy friendship." In "*Othello*" Iago says "Virtue, a fig." Other writers use it simply to denote contempt or insult.

In consequence of its bad and poisonous character, "hemlock" was considered an appropriate ingredient for witches' broth,—hence in "*Macbeth*" we read of

> "Root of Hemlock, digged i' the dark."

Its scientific name "conium" is from the Greek word, meaning cone or top. It is supposed to be the death drink of the Greeks, and the one by which Socrates was put to death.

"Herb of Grace" was a popular name for rue, probably from its extreme bitterness, which, as it had always borne the name of *rue* (to be sorry for anything), was not unnaturally associated with repentance. It was, therefore, the herb of repentance, and this was soon changed into "herb of grace," repentance being the chief sign of grace. The expression is several times used by Shakespeare in "*Richard II.*" The gardener narrates

> "Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
> I'll set a bank of rue, some herb of grace,
> Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
> In remembrance of a weeping queen."

In "*Hamlet*," Ophelia, when addressing the queen, says:—

> "There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we
> "may call it 'herb o' grace o' Sundays,'—O, you
> "must wear your rue with a difference."

It was formerly a general custom to hang a bush of *ivy* at the door of a vintner. Hence the allusion in "*As You like It*,"—where Rosalind wittily remarks:

"If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true
"that a good play needs no epilogue."

The custom is referred to by several old writers. This plant was no doubt chosen from its being sacred to Bacchus. We may note the old sign of "*an owl in an ivy bush*," which perhaps denoted the union of wisdom or prudence with conviviality, with the phrase "be merry and wise."

From the very earliest times *laurel* has been regarded as symbolical of victory, and used for crowns. In "*Titus and Andronicus*," Titus says:—

"Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs."

And in "*Antony and Cleopatra*,"—the latter exclaims:—

"Upon your sword sits laurell'd victory."

The first of March is observed by the Welsh in honor of St. David, their patron saint, when as a sign of their patriotism, they wear a *leek*.

Shakespeare alludes to it in "*Henry V.*," referring to the battle of Cressy. The subject is one involved in uncertainty, and the various explanations given are purely conjectural. Although so many pretty legends and romantic superstitions have clustered round *the Lily*, as a sweet and favorite flower, yet they have escaped the notice of Shakespeare, who, while attaching to it the choicest epithets, has simply made it the type of elegance and beauty and the symbol of purity and whiteness.

"Love in Idleness" is one of the many nicknames of the pansy or heart's ease—a name still in use in Warwickshire. It occurs in "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," where Oberon says:

"Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell,
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it 'love in idleness.'"

The phrase literally signifies love in vain, or to no purpose, as Taylor alludes to it in the following couplet:

"When passions are let loose without a bridle,
Then precious time is turned to *love and idle*."

That flowers and *pansies* especially, were used as love philters, or for the object of casting a spell over people in Shakespeare's day, is shown in the passage quoted, where Puck and Oberon amuse themselves at Titania's expense.

Again a further reference occurs where the fairy King removes the spell:—

"But first I will release the fairy queen,
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power,
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen."

It has been said that the device employed by Oberon to enchant Titania, by anointing her eyelids with the juice of a flower, may have been borrowed by Shakespeare from the Spanish romance of "Diana." But, apart from the difficulty which arises by the fact that no English translation of this romance is known before 1598, there is no necessity to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any one for what must have been a familiar element in all incantations at a time when belief in witchcraft was common.

No plant, perhaps, has had, at different times, a greater share of folk-lore attributed to it than the "*mandrake*," partly owing, probably, to the fancied resemblance of its root to the human figure. An inferior degree of animal life was assigned to it, and it was commonly supposed that when torn from the ground it uttered groans of so pernicious a character that the person who committed the violence either went mad or died. In the second part of "*Henry VI.*" Suffolk says:

"Would curses kill, and doth the mandrake's groan,"
I would invent, etc.,—

and Juliet in "*Romeo and Juliet*," speaks of:

"Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, turn mad."

To escape this danger it was recommended to tie one end of a string to the plant and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan would discharge its whole malignity. The ancients, it appears, were equally superstitious with regard to this mysterious plant, and Cotumella, in his directions for the site of gardens, says they may be formed where:

"the mandrake flowers,
"Produce whose root shows half a man, whose juice
with madness strikes."

Pliny informs us that those who dug up this plant paid particular attention to stand so the wind was at their back, and, before they began to dig, they made three circles 'round the plant with the point of a sword, and then proceeding to the west, commenced digging it up. It seems to have been well known as an opiate in the time of Shakespeare, who makes Iago say to Othello:

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
"Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

In "*Antony and Cleopatra*" the queen pathetically says:

"Give me to drink mandragora.
Why, madam?
That I might sleep out this great gap of time;
My Antony is away."

The marigold was a great favourite with our old writers from a curious notion that it always opened or shut its flowers at the sun's bidding, in allusion to which Perdita remarks in "*Winter's Tale:*"

"The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

It was also said, but erroneously, to turn its flowers to the sun, a quality attributed to the sunflower and thus described by Thomas Moore:

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose."

A popular name for the marigold was "Marybud," mention of which we find in "*Cymbeline*" (Act 2, Sc. 3).

"Winking Mary-buds begin
To ope' their golden eyes."

In speaking of "mushrooms," Shakespeare alludes in the following passage to the champignons, "fungi" which grow in fairy rings. In the "*Tempest*" Prospero says of the fairies:

> "You demi-puppets, that
> By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms."

The allusion in this passage being to the superstition that sheep will not eat the grass that grows on fairy rings.

A gilt nutmeg was formerly a common gift at Christmas and on other festive occasions, a notice of which occurs in "*Love's Labour's Lost*" in the following dialogue:

> "The armipotent Mars, of lancers the almighty,
> Gave Hector a gift,"

and Dumain breaks in with "*A Gilt Nutmeg.*"

Although so much historical and legendary lore have clustered round the oak, yet scarcely any mention is made of this by Shakespeare. A crown of oak was considered by the Romans worthy of the highest emulation of statesmen and warriors. To him who had saved the life of a Roman soldier was given a crown of oak leaves, one, indeed, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

In "*Coriolanus*" (Act 2, Sc. 1) Volumnia says:

> "He comes the third time home with the oaken garland,"

And again (Act 1, Sc. 3):

> "To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned his brows bound with oak."

Montesquieu, indeed, said that it was with two or three hundred crowns of oak that Rome conquered the world.

The *olive*, ever famous for its association with the return of the dove to the ark, has been considered typical of peace. It is in this sense that Shakespeare speaks of it when he makes Viola say in "*Twelfth Night*" (Act 1, Sc. 5):

> "I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage, I hold the olive in my hand, my words are as full of peace as matter."

And in sonnet CVII occurs the well-known line:

> "And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

So of the *palm*, as the symbol of victory, this was carried before the conqueror in triumphal processions. Its classical use is noticed in "*Coriolanus*" (Act 5, Sc. 3). Volumnia says:

> "And bear the palm for having bravely shed
> Thy wife and children's blood."

In "*Julius Cæsar*" Cassius exclaims:

> "Ye gods, it doth amuse me
> "A man of such a feeble temper should
> "So get the start of the majestic world
> "And bear the palm alone."

Pilgrims were formerly called "palmers," from the staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.

Connected with the *pea* was formerly a common mode of divination in love affairs. The cook, when shelling green peas, would, if she chanced to find a pod having nine, lay it on the lintel of the kitchen door and the first man who entered was supposed to be her future husband. Touchstone in "*As You Like It*," alludes to this popular suggestion. We find it also faithfully chronicled by John Gay and by Browne in his "*Pastorals.*"

The leaves of the "*plantain*" were carefully valued by our forefathers for their supposed efficiency in healing wounds—it was also considered as a preventive of poison, and to this supposed virtue we find an allusion in "*Romeo and Juliet*" (Act 1, Sc. 2).

> "Benvolio—Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
> And the rank poison of the old will die.
> Romeo—Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
> Benvolio—For what I pray thee?
> Romeo—For your broken shin."

In the "*Two Noble Kinsmen*" (Act 1, Sc. 2) Palamere says:

> "These poor slight sores
> Need not a plantain."

On the other hand, the *poppy* was well known in Shakespeare's day for its deadly qualities. Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queene*," describes it as the dead sleeping poppy, and Michael Drayton, in his "*Nymphidia*," enumerates it among the flowers that produce "deadly sleeping."

It is curious enough to find that the *potato*, which now forms a regular portion of the daily food of almost every individual, is spoken of continually as having some powerful effect upon the human frame, yet this is the case with Shakespeare and his contemporaries. We find it mentioned in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" and in "*Troilus and Cressida.*" It appears, too, that the medical writers of the time countenanced this fancy. This may be regarded of peculiar interest, inasmuch as they contain almost the earliest notice of potatoes after their introduction into England.

Although the early *primrose* has always been such a popular and favorite flower, yet, in some passages, it seems to be associated with sadness, or even worse than sadness. We find it in "*Hamlet*" and "*Macbeth.*" Curious to say, too, Shakespeare's only epithets for this fair flower are "pale," "faint," and "that die unmarried." Nearly all the poets of that time spoke of it in the same strain, with the exception of Ben Jonson and the two Fletchers.

Among the uses to which the *reed* was formerly applied was the thatching of houses and the making of shepherd's pipes. The former is alluded to in the "*Tempest*" (Act 5, Sc. 1).

> "His tears ran down his beard like winter's drops
> From series of reeds."

and the latter in "*The Merchant of Venice*" (Act 3, Sc. 4), where Portia speaks of a "reed's voice." It has generally been regarded as the emblem of weakness, as in "*Antony and Cleopatra*" (Act 2, Sc. 7):

> "A reed that will do me no service."

Rosemary was formerly in very high esteem and was devoted to various uses. It was supposed to strengthen the memory; hence, it was regarded as a symbol of remembrance, and, on this account, was often given to friends. Thus, in "*Hamlet*" (Act 4,

Sc. 5), where Ophelia seems to be addressing Laertes, she says:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance."

In the "*Winter's Tale*" (Act 4, Sc. 4), *rosemary* and *rue* are beautifully put together:

"For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance to you both,
And welcome to our shearing."

Besides being used at weddings, it was also in request at funerals, probably for its odour, and as a token of remembrance of the deceased. Thus, the Friar, in "*Romeo and Juliet*" (Act 4, Sc. 5), says:

"Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary on
this fair corse."

This practice is thus alluded to by John Gay in his "*Pastorals*":

"To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Followed with wistful look the damsel's bier,
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walked before."

Rosemary, too, was one of the evergreens with which dishes were anciently garnished during the season of Christmas, an allusion to which occurs in "*Pericles*" (Act 4, Sc. 6):

"Marry, come up! my dish of chastity
with rosemary and bays."

Before the introduction of carpets, the floors of churches and houses were strewed with *rushes*, a custom to which Shakespeare makes several allusions. In "*Taming of the Shrew*" (Act. 4, Sc. 1), Grumio asks:

"Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed,
cobwebs swept."

We find it again in the 1st part "*Henry IV.*" (Act 3, Sc. 1), and at the coronation of "*Henry V.*" (second part of "*Henry IV.*," Act 5, Sc. 5), when the procession is coming, the grooms cry:

"More rushes, more rushes!"

which seems to have been the usual cry for rushes to be scattered on a pavement or a platform when a procession is approaching.

Again in "*Richard II.*" (Act 1, Sc. 3) the custom is alluded to by John of Gaunt, who speaks of the "*presence strew'd*," referring to the presence-chamber. We find it, too, in "*Cymbeline*" and "*Romeo and Juliet.*"

In the "*Two Noble Kinsmen*" (Act 2, Sc. 1) the gaoler's daughter is represented as carrying "*strewings*" to the two prisoners' chambers.

Rush-bearings were a sort of rural festivals, when the parishoners brought rushes to strew the church.

The "*rush-candle*," which, in times past, was found in nearly every house, and served as a night-light for the rich, and candle for the poor, is mentioned in the "*Taming of the Shrew*" (Act 4, Sc. 5).

Spear-Grass—perhaps the common reed—is noticed in the "1st part of *King Henry IV.*" (Act 2, Sc. 4) as being used for "*tickling the nose, and making it bleed.*"

Shakespeare's mention of the *strawberry* in connection with the nettle in "*Henry V.*" (Act 1, Sc. 1) deserves a passing note:

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."

It was the common opinion that plants were affected by the neighbourhood of other plants to such an extent that they imbibed each other's virtues and faults. Thus sweet flowers were planted near fruit trees with the idea of improving the flavour of the fruit; and evil-smelling trees were carefully cleared away from fruit trees, lest they should be tainted. But the strawberry was supposed to be an exception to the rule, and was said to thrive in the "midst of evil communications without being corrupted."

The popular tradition which represents the marks on the moon to be that of a man carrying a thorn-bush on his head is alluded to in "*Midsummer Night's Dream.*" Little else is mentioned by Shakespeare with regard to thorns, save that they are generally used by him as the emblems of desolation and trouble.

An old superstition is alluded to by Shakespeare when he makes Laertes wish that violets may spring from the grave of Ophelia. The violet has generally been associated with early death. This may have arisen from a sort of pity, the flowers that were only allowed to see the opening year, and were cut off before the first beauty of summer had come—and so were looked upon as apt emblems of those who enjoyed the bright spring-tide of life, and no more.

Thus, the violet is one of the flowers which Marina carries to hang "*as a carpet on the grave*" in "*Pericles*" (Act 4, Sc. 1):

"The yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave
While summer days do last."

Again, in that exquisite passage in the "*Winter's Tale*" (Act 4, Sc. 4), where Perdita enumerates the flowers of spring, she speaks of:

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

The beauties of Greece and other Asiatic nations tinged their eyes of an obscure violet color by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed, like those for the hair mentioned by Athenœus.

From time immemorial the *Willow* has been regarded as the symbol of sadness. Hence it was customary for those who were forsaken in love to wear willow garlands, a practice to which Shakespeare makes several allusions. The following is the song of Desdemona, which I have already mentioned:

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her
[moans,
Her soft tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Sing all a green willow must be my garland."

And further on (in Act V., Sc. 2) Emilia says:

> "I will play the swan,
> And die in music, singing willow, willow, willow!"

And, again, in the "*Merchant of Venice*" (Act 5, Sc. 1), Lorenzo narrates:

> "In such a night
> Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand
> —Upon the wide sea banks."

It was, too, in reference to this custom that Shakespeare in "*Hamlet*" (Act 4, Sc. 7) represented poor Ophelia hanging her flowers aslant a brook.

This tree might have been chosen as the symbol of sadness from the 137th Psalm, Verse 2:

> "We hanged our harps on the willow trees."

Or else from a coincidence between the "*Weeping Willow*" and falling tears.

The "*Yew tree*," styled by Shakespeare "the dismal yew" in *Titus Andronicus* (Act 2, Sc. 3), apart from the many superstitions associated with it, has been very frequently planted in church yards, besides being used at funerals. Paris in "*Romeo and Juliet*" (Act 5, Sc. 3) says:

> "Under yond yew tree lay thee all along,
> Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
> So shall no foot upon the church yard tread,
> Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves.
> But thou shalt hear it."

Although various reasons have been assigned for planting the yew tree in church yards, it seems probable that the practice had a superstitious origin. As witches were supposed to exercise a powerful influence over the winds, they were believed, occasionally, to exercise their formidable power against religious edifices. Thus *Macbeth* says (Act 4, Sc. 1):

> "Though you untie the winds, and let
> Them fight against the churches."

To counteract, therefore, this imaginary danger, our ancestors may have planted the yew tree in their church yards, not only on account of its vitality as an evergreen, but, as connected in some way, in heathen times, with the influence of evil powers.

A statute was made in the latter part of the reign of Edward I. to prevent rectors from cutting down trees in church yards.

The custom of sticking yew in the shroud is alluded to in the following song in "*Twelfth Night*" (Act 2, Sc. 4):

> "My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
> O, prepare it!
> My part of death, no one so true,
> Did share it.'

Though being reckoned poisonous, it is introduced in "*Macbeth*" (Act 4, Sc. 1) in connection with the witches:

> "Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
> Slivered in the moon's eclipse."

How much the tearing off, or splitting of the slip had to do with magic, we learn from a piece of Slavonic folk-lore:—It is unlucky to use for a beam, a branch or a tree broken by the wind. The devil or storm-spirit claims it as his own, and, were it used, the evil spirit would haunt the house. It is a broken branch the witches choose; a sliver'd slip the woodman will have none of.

Its epithet "*double-fatal*" in "*Richard II.*" (Act 3, Sc. 2) no doubt refers to the poisonous quality of the leaves, and on account of its wood being employed for instruments of death. Sir Stephen Scroop, when telling of Richard of Bolingbroke's revolt, declares that

> "Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
> Of double-fatal yew against thy state."

The yew is called "hebon" by Spenser, and by other writers of Shakespeare's time, and, in its various forms, this tree is so named in no less than five different European languages.

From medical authorities, both of ancient and modern times, it would seem that the juice of the yew is a rapidly fatal poison; next, that the symptoms attendant upon yew-poisoning correspond, in a very remarkable manner, with those which follow the bites of poisonous snakes; and, lastly, that no other poison but the yew produces the "lazar-like" ulcerations on the body upon which Shakespeare in this passage lays so much stress.

From certain old statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practiced, was obliged to keep in his house a bow of yew or some other wood.

I would speak here of a plant described by Milton in his "*Comus*" as of sovereign use against all enchantments; he calls it "Hœmony" and "Moly."

"Hœmony" is a name for Thessaly, and "Moly" I trace to the Greek word μωλυ (*molu*), and the nearest approach I can reach is that the wild-garlic is intended;—it is described as a fabulous herb, of occult power, having a black root and a white blossom; it was said by Homer to have been given by Hermes to Ulysses to counteract the spells of Circe.

Milton's apostrophe to this marvellous plant is as follows:—

The Elder Brother asks:—

> "Why, prithee, Shepherd,
> How dost thou then thyself approach so near
> As to make this relation?"

And the "Attendant Spirit" as Thyrsis replies:—

> "Care and utmost shifts
> How to secure the lady from surprisal
> Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
> Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled,
> In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
> That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray;
> He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
> Which, when I did, he on the tender grass
> Would sit, and hearken even to ecstacy,
> And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
> And show me simples of a thousand names,
> Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
> Amongst the rest a small, unsightly root,
> But, of divine effect, he called me out;
> The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it.
> But, in another country,—as he said,
> Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil
> Unknown and like esteemed; and the dull swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more medic'nal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He called it *Hœmony*, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damps,
Or ghastly furies apparition;
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that his extremity compelled,
But now I find it true, for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go), you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's ball,
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet, will they soon retire, if he but shrink."

Shakespeare has reference to this same wondrous plant, although he does not give it the same name.

I am somewhat nervous over my botany, it is some long time now since I learnt it from the wild flowers in and around an English forest,—they were my first love, and true to my heart's core, I love them still.

With some of us the earliest and happiest periods of our lives are associated with

"The young day, when first our infant hands
Plucked witless the wild flowers."

With groves and gardens and green fields, with bunches of the violet, carpets of the cowslip, and hedges of the rose, with meadow flowers, when we blew the down from the dandelion,

"And we did question of the down-balls, blowing
To know if some slight wish would come to pass;
If storms we feared we sought where they were growing
Some meadow flower which was our weather-glass."

Such as the scarlet pimpernel, which on the approach of rain, allies itself with the Early Closing Association.

It was then, when we gathered that exquisite gem (with which no torquoise can compare) the "forget-me-not"—that we heard from a voice (which has long been silent, but will be forgotten never) the pretty legend, how a lady, walking with her lover by a stream, longed for the bright blue flower which glared on the opposite bank, how the brave knight plunged into the swiftly flowing water, and returning with the posy, was over-powered by the current, and how

"The blossoms blue to the bank he threw,
Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
And Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true,
'Forget-me-not,' he cried."

How fair and fragrant were then the most common flowers! Why, even the sow-thistle was precious in our sight.

It is not only for their visible charms, their grace and loveliness, their tints, their form and fragrance, that flowers should be so dear to us, but because their influence tends to exalt and purify, to "keep the child's heart in the brave man's breast." EMOLLIT MORES! you cannot altogether disassociate the flowers from Him

"Whose breath perfumes them, and whose
Pencil paints."

Theirs is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. So from first to last, from childhood to old age, they refresh and refine us.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy."

I need scarcely speak of the many famous men of various professions who, in all times and climes, have verified Lord Bacon's words:

"Gardening is the purest of human pleasures, and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

Nor of the many authors who, in prose and in verse, have celebrated Flora's charms. "Hence, it appears," Wharton writes in his "Essays," "that the enchanting art of modern gardening chiefly owes its origin to two great poets, Milton and Pope. He who sang of 'Paradise Lost' not only sang of 'Paradise Regained,' but he also tried to set before us the nearest approximation to the latter, which we can see on earth, a beautiful garden of trees and flowers, and fruits and sunshine and singing birds." Remember the description of delicious Paradise, with its "enclosure green," its "inseparable height of loftiest shade, cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm," and other "goodliest trees loaden with fairest blossoms and fruit at once of golden hue appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed."

Pope not only sang the praises of a beautiful garden, and expounded the truest principle and laws for its formation such as this:

"In all let Nature never be forgot,"

and this:

"He wins all points, who pleasingly confounds
Surprises, varies and conceals the bounds."

Horace Walpole, too, and Sir William Temple told of the delights of a garden.

In the course of this essay I have quoted some poets who have sung in praise of flowers, and in closing, at the risk of travelling beyond my limits, I would ask your attention to two extracts, the first from the graceful pen of Thomas Hood:

"O lady! leave thy silken thread,
And flowery tapestrie;
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree.
Stop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou cans't not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birth-day of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow show'rs

Have turned to blossoms where they fell
And sown the earth with flowers."

My second extract is entitled "Wild Flowers," and is by an anonymous author:

"'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining tints unfold,
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock the sunset's gold;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush have drawn the admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel's harp the meed of song and praise.
Oh! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's courtly bowers,
For those I love the wreath shall be of wild and woodland flowers.

Bright clustering in the forest shades, or springing from the sod,
As, flung from Eden, forth they come, fresh from the hand of God!
No human care hath nurtured them; the wild wind passeth by;
They flourish in the sunshine gleam and tempest-clouded sky,
And oh! like every gift that He, the bountiful, hath given,
Their treasures fall, alike to all, type of his promised heaven.

They bear to us sweet memories of childhood's happy years,
Ere grief had wrung the heart with pain, or dimmed the eye with tears;
They have been twined with playfulness round many a sunny brow,
Where costly pearls and Indian gems are proudly flashing now;
But hiding many a line of care beneath their gorgeous blaze,
That lurked not 'neath the wild flower wreath of youth's untroubled days!

Oh! chide not at the simple theme that wakes the minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that blossom by the way;
He, at whose word the universe, her ancient might did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of the field.
I thank thee, God! for every boon thy hand in mercy showers,
And oh! not least among thy gifts, the beautiful wild flowers."

H. M.

A MOST UNINTERESTING STORY.

To-night as I carelessly open the evening letters, I am puzzled by an envelope addressed in an unfamiliar hand. Readjusting my glasses, I turn it over and over, hold it up to the light, study the postmark, and, as a last resort, open it. The letter is from "Old McGill," where I spent so many happy hours, and a few unhappy ones, and it is from the poor harassed news gleaner of the OUTLOOK staff. Time was when I could escape that care-worn individual, but one cannot escape a letter. Here the familiar request lies before me in black and white, written in a legible lady-like hand:—"Kindly send something for the OUTLOOK" and—what is worse still—"we (it must be the editorial "we") "would like something about yourself."

About myself, what an uninteresting theme! Me thinks you will be the wearied ones, and I, of course, will be the only one pleased writing on such a theme.

Picture to yourself my reader (if I have one) a dingy, dark and very dusty office, with two desks, two windows and hundreds of books piled all about. That is the place where "genius (?) burns" and where the mill is ever grinding out food for all sorts and conditions of minds. I neglected to mention the paste-pot and scissors, and every editor can tell you what an error that was on my part.

To a Freshman such as I, the work daily increases. As an example of my duties I will instance one morning's work:—

Left alone in the office with ten or twelve newspapers to look over and mutilate with the editor's staff—the scissors,—a few proof-sheets to read, the telephone rings. An item of perhaps three hundred words is wired in, my pencil flies all over the paper in my efforts to get it all down. In the midst of it I hear a step—the head printer is in after "copy" a gentleman is waiting to speak to me about an item, one of the printers' devils has been sent in after the proof-sheets. I drop the receiver, lose part of the item, and lose my head, and temper, too, perhaps. That is one morning's work. Are you not better at McGill?

It does not take long for the news-getting instinct to develop. A gentleman who is notably tiresome comes in when we are busy. He begins to talk, and we are rude enough to continue working. Presently we hear him say something about getting a fall. Immediately we are all attention, pencils are picked up, a fresh sheet of copy-paper is seized and—"Where did you fall?" "Were you hurt much?" "Just where were you hurt?" etc., etc. Failed again. He was not hurt at all

An associate-worker of mine while using the office telephone turns to us with smiles wreathing his eager face and exclaims:—

"I am just getting a splendid death."

We all smile. Yes, we are heartless, but mayhap the editor and staff of the OUTLOOK may have a kindred feeling for fellow laborers and forgive the heartlessness, as well as the length of this "most uninteresting story."

F. B. P.

SONNET—NIGHT.

Far down the western slope the weary day
Looks out upon the world with dreamy eyes,
As o'er her sunny curls she loosely ties
Her crimson hood, and gently slips away.
Meanwhile, from out the East the twilight gray
Lingers a moment, till the embracing skies
Enfold her, then the solemn night doth rise,
Descending like a monk in dark array
Of long, black, flowing gown,—and piously
He utters prayers in soft, low murmurings.
When Earth takes up her dewdrop rosary,
And contrite at his feet herself she flings,
While on the altar of blue Heaven high,
Each little star a golden censor swings.

MARTHA MARLIN.

Class Reports.

ARTS.

1901.

There can be no two opinions as to the success of the Conversat.; Grads. and Undergrads. alike agreed that it was the best ever held by Arts.

The committee in charge are to be congratulated on the result of their work.

Mr. H. S. Williams has been unanimously elected valedictorian for Arts '01. Keep your ear peeled for Harry's speech.

SCIENCE.

1903.

Boright has been taken down with scarlet fever and has been taken home.

Grip? Yes, thank you, we all have it.

The list of casualities in the Year is rather large at present. The devotees of hockey are invalided from frozen ears and crippled, frozen toes.

Our President is being besieged by anxious enquiries for his injured beak. A few of them are.

How did you do it, Chas., been rootin' again?
"Yes, said Chas., rooting for the hockey team; something you never do."
Might have been hit, eh?

You ought to cover that bit of Grecian statuary up when you are driving, old man.

Must have been a hard frost out your way.
Yes, I've noticed that it has touched up the microbes.
Does the other fellow look any worse?

Queer place to get grip.

Do you try to see how $H_2 SO_4$ was made.
Wanted to see what made the wheels go round, eh?

A member of the Year, coming down stairs in the Physics' building, was more interested in a group of Donaldas on a landing than in his footing. He thinks they were real mean to laugh. He could sit down suddenly four steps ahead if he wanted to, couldn't he?

This year may not be the exception, but it is bad enough. Just drag your memory and see if you have paid up for the OUTLOOK. Dollars to cents, the drag is on you.

One of the interesting sights of College is to see our worthy Secretary chip iron to the tune of the "Pickanniny" song. It's most invigorating.

Several Freshmen have to thank the Faculty of Arts for one good time on Friday night. Their tickets came from the V. C. R.

MEDICINE.

1901.

When McNeil learned the diet, now allowed to a typhoid patient, he was heard to exclaim: "Oh! why was I ill last year?"

The idea of having a University pin for graduating Class this year is an extremely good one.

Our special clinics are so frequent now that they overlap, and the result will be that soon our Class wont attend any—due to lack of time.

Penner is having much experience practicing upon himself. We all hope for a speedy recovery. More work and less play, Penner.

One of our Class received a box containing a single rubber. Box addressed in female hand, and he wonders why it was sent.

Curry and Stuart Simpson are among the number of good resolvers for the New Year.

Many attended the most interesting address on Sunday.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

"Law suits have their chances"—Troplongs. Those old men knew a thing or two. Courts must have been much the same in those days as in our own.

An especially noteworthy case was quoted the other day. Four counsellors, learned in the law, gave the same opinion on a question submitted to them. To our minds this is a serious breach of professional etiquette. What will become of we lesser lights if the leaders of the Bar agree not to disagree.

It is open to question whether this article successfully expresses the meaning the commissioners, intended it to convey. Pardon the contradiction there is no doubt, at all, on the point.

Prof. (calling roll). Have you been present at the last two lectures?
Student (conscientiously). No, sir.
In face of this, small-minded people still retail cheap and nasty jokes about *honest lawyers*.

The Municipal Code is an interesting production, though it contains many evidences of hasty work. Fancy barring, from municipal office, such eminent and disinterested citizens as tavern-keepers and judges of the Court of Queen's Bench; a careful revision of the Code would certainly remove this injustice.

The jury system in a pillar of British liberty. It assures the accused an impartial trial. To secure the very best men as jurors and at the same time to prevent jury duty becoming an unpleasant task, our intelligent legislators have provided numerous exemptions; so completely and exhaustively are these exemptions classified that any one who can read and write may be relieved from acting.

We are pleased to note that Messrs. Ogden and Wainwright have been elected to speak for McGill in the McGill vs. Queen's debate which is to come off in Kingston in the near future. This will be the first debate we have had with Queen's. The choice of representatives gives promise of first blood for McGill.

The Third Year men know that there are more ways than one of killing a cat, or, in other words, of making the presumption *juris tantum* that they may and shall fill their degrees in April, a presumption *juris et de jure*. It is only to be reasonably supposed, they argue, that the claims of intimate friendship will outweigh those of a too-strict sense of responsibility. We would warn the Third Year men against this delusion. Hard work at home counts for more than an occasional car ticket dropped in for a friend or a carefully prepared set of leading questions.

First Third Year man (shaking snow from his coat)—Well, it's all right.

Second do. (incredulously)—Is that so? How much did it cost you?

First do. (confidentially)—Nothing at present. I am to stand him a dinner at Stillwell's after it is over.

How is this for a Bill of Lading?

"Shipped by the grace of God 50 casks of wine." What sentiment could be nobler? Surely nothing short of 51.

Messrs. McMaster & Duff were elected to represent us at the Laval (Montreal) Dinner and the Arts Dance respectively. Both report a very pleasant evening. The only complaint is based on purely physical grounds. Had the choice of man and function been reversed no complaint would have been made.

Valuable sayings from various sources:—

"The main idea in an election is to succeed."

"In the following case the name and reference, of which are equally unimportant, it was held—"

"Immediately after the election comes the contestation."

"He who possesses $10,000 of superabundant wealth is a good litigant, and should, therefore, be encouraged with all honourable means."

"The importance of the Municipal Code cannot be underestimated."

"An Act of Parliament is a law that is enacted by Parliament."

"The way of the *fusser* is hard."

"Early lectures are a safe and pleasant remedy for corpulency."

———

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Under the above heading we will be glad to hear from our little friends.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I am a good little boy. When I am a man I am going to teach a Sunday School Class. I got two books on Christmas; one is called "Fairy Tales" and the other is "What I Saw in Paris."

With love to everybody from little

PECK.

Dear Editor:

My name is Tommy. I got a joke last Chistmas and I kept it for a whole year. This year Santa Claus gave me a new one. My mamma says that I will be a man some time.

TOMMY.

Dear Editor:

Can you write plays? I can. I wrote two. My mamma says that if I keep on writing I will become a great writer, but the boys say that if I do I will be either plucked or arrested.

FROM SYDNEY.

Dear Mr. Editor:

When I get big I am going to belong to the W.C.T.U. I got a pair of skates in my stocking. I am not selfish, so I always let someone skate with me. I like playing make believe games like Woman-hater and Cynic.

Your little friend,

DAISY.

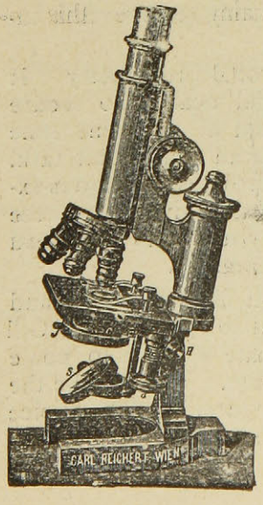
Dear Mr. Editor:

I have a nerve and a fine voice. The voice is called Almighty and you can wind it up, and it goes for ever so long. At first I thought I would be a minister. Then I thought I was more needed in Medicine. I got a shave on Christmas.

From your dear little friend,

FRANKIE HORSFALLE.

P.S. I can read Dr. Drummond's poems.



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LONDON IN JANUARY, 1801.

What the Dawn of Last Century Saw.

When at the first stroke of twelve on the night of December 31, 1800, the night watchman in Doughty Street, and many another street in London, roused himself from his slumbers, and, seizing his horn lantern, sallied out to announce to such of the world as were not already asleep that it was "twelve o'clock and a fine night," he was, perhaps unconsciously, announcing the birth of a century more wonderful than any the world had yet seen.

He was a strange figure, the "policeman" of a hundred years ago, with his coat of many capes, his breeches and gaiters, his stout cudgel and his enormous lantern, nightly lit, to an accompaniment of strong language, with flint and steel and tinder.

His chief anxiety was to doze as comfortably as possible in his box, consistent with being awake to chronicle each hour and the state of the weather, and to keep an eye on any roystering young blades returning home from Drury Lane or Covent Garden who might wish to play a practical joke on him.

The London of those days was vastly different from the London of to-day. The streets were roughly paved with cobbles, and at night were lit at long intervals by feebly-flickering oil-lamps which a gust of wind might at any time blow out. It is little wonder that in the hours of darkness they were given over to footpads and housebreakers, and that no honest man could venture far alone.

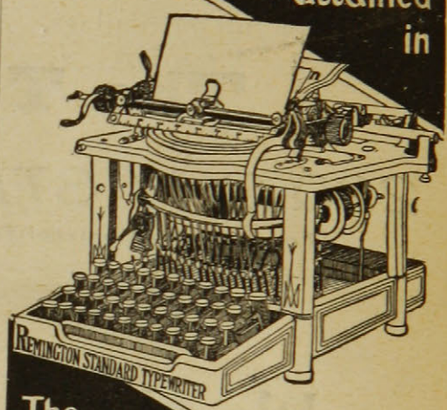
In winter evenings pleasure-seekers resorted to one or other of the eight theatres, ranging from Sadler's Wells in the north to the Royal Circus in the south; to the many coffee-houses, where they could discuss the latest news with their cronies; or to taverns and other low places of questionable resort.

In summer-time they would sally out to the tea-gardens, which then formed a fringe round London; or to the more fashionable resorts of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. For lovers of sport there was the morbid attraction of bull-baiting, when a score or so of dogs would torture a staked bull to a frenzy of rage or terror; and cock-fighting was the favorite sport even of princes.

Public executions, which were then of almost daily occurrence, drew thousands of spectators to watch the death-throes of men and women who paid with their life for stealing a pair of stockings or a few pounds of sugar. On one day in January, 1801, twelve persons were executed for offences the gravest of which was burglary, and which include the stealing of a sirloin and a tablecloth.

For other offences men were flogged at the cart-tail through miles of London streets to the jeering and laughter of following crowds, or were placed in pillories to be the target, for hours, of every imaginable kind of filth that idle and cruel passers-by chose to fling at them. With such recreations as these, to which were added prize-fights and all the riotous fun and revelry of frequent fairs at Smithfield and elsewhere, the Londoner of a century ago had his share of excitements, however questionable.

The acme of typewriter construction is attained in



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In those days papers were few and dear. When sixpence was charged for a copy of a morning newspaper it is not surprising that the total circula- of the six leading London papers, including the "Times," "Morning Post," "Morning Chronicle" and "Morning Advertiser," rarely reached 15,000 copies a day.

Railways were, of course, unknown, for it was only in this year (1801) that the first Act was passed for the construction of a mineral line, six miles long, from Wandsworth to Croydon. The stage-coaches which rattled daily into London to the music of hundreds of horns rarely averaged more than five miles an hour, and it was considered a marvellous feat when the mails were carried from London to Bath in seventeen hours, a journey which is now accomplished daily in a trifle over two hours.

All the chief avenues to London were infested with highwaymen, and, in spite of armed guards and passengers, coaches were stopped and plundered every week. Rowland Hill was then a sickly child of five in his nursery at Kidderminster, and the penny post was not even a dream of the future. Stamps and envelopes were unknown, and the postman who delivered a letter collected the charge for it, ranging from a shilling upwards.

Provisions were at famine prices; wheat was £5 13s a quarter and sugar 75s a hundredweight, while beef and mutton were from 1s 3d to 1s 8d a pound. Wages had fallen almost to vanishing point, and roiting and discontent were everywhere. Religion was stagnant, and it was ostracism, if not actually a crime, to be a Dissenter. Great Britain was waging war single-handed against all the might of Napoleon; press-gangs were prowling everywhere ready to seize the unguarded "landsmen" and carry him off to the wars; waggons lumbered into London with the spoil of ships; and there were sufficient French prisoners of war in England to people a small town.—Tit-Bits.

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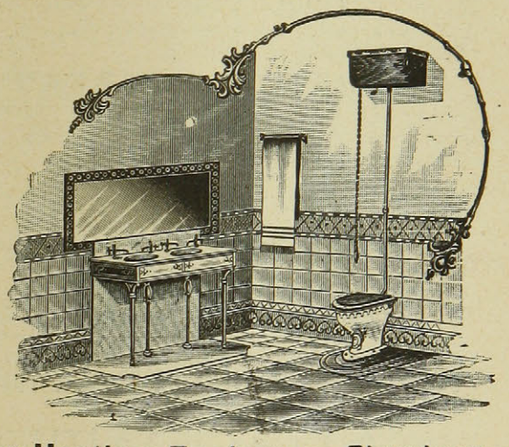

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" " 26th	.....LAKE MEGANTIC.....	" " 15th
" March 5th	.....LAKE SUPERIOR	" " 22th
" " 12th	.....LAKE ONTARIO.....	" " 29th
" " 19th	....*MONTFORT	" April 5th
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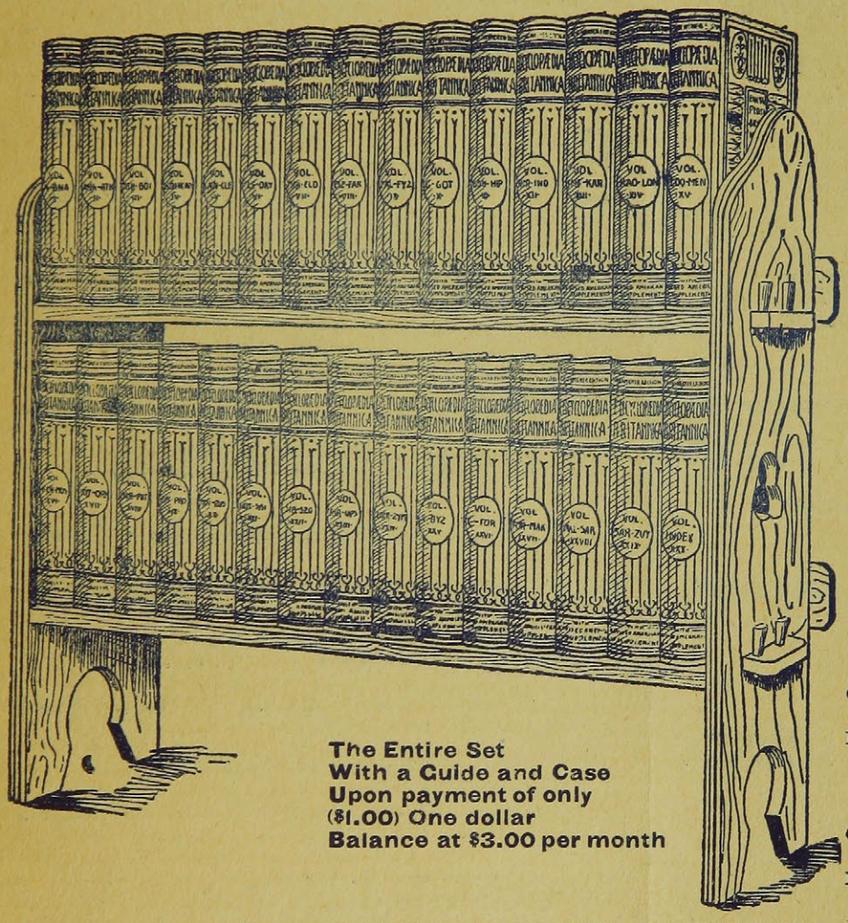

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